

C I T T
A N D
B U M P K I N,
I N A
D I A L O G U E
Over a P O T of A L E,
Concerning Matters of
R E L I G I O N
A N D
G O V E R N M E N T.

The First Part.

The Fifth Edition.

By R. L. [*E'strange*]

L O N D O N,

Printed for Joanna Brome, at the Gun, at the West
End of S. Paul's. 1681.

CITIZEN

AND
BANK

IN A
DIALOQUE

OF A POET & A LADY

Concerning Matters of

RELIGION

AND
GOVERNMENT

THE AUTHOR

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Printed by J. B. Smith, at the
end of the street, 1811.

CITT and B U M P K I N,

In a DIALOGUE, &c.

Citt. **S**O that you would know, *First*, how we *manag'd* the *Petition*; and *Secondly*, how it came to *miscarry*.
 Bum. *Those are the two Points, Citt; but first take off your Pot, and then tell your Story: you shall have mine afterwards.*

Citt. There was no way, you must know, to carry the business clear, without getting a *Vote of Common-Council* for the *Petition*; and so making it an *Act of the City*: And in order to this End, we planted our *Committees* every where up and down, from *Algate* to *Temple-Bar*, at convenient distances; some few of them in *Taverns*, but most at *Coffee-houses*; as less liable to suspicion. Now we did not call these *Meeting-Committees*, but *Clubs*; and there we had all Freedom both for *Privacy* and *Debate*: while the *Borough of Southwark*, *Westminster* and the *Suburbs*, proceeded according to our Method.

Committees to promote the *Petitions*. Their Powers and Instructions.

Bum. *And what are these Committees now to do?*

Citt. Their *Commission* was to procure *Subscriptions* to justify the *Right of Petitioning*, and to gain *Intelligence*: And then every *Committee* had one man at least in it that wrote *Short hand*.

Bum. *Well, and what was he to do?*

Citt. It was his part to go *snoaking* up and down from one Company to another, to see who was for us, and who against us; and to take Notes of what People said of the *Plot*, or of the *King's Wives*, or against this way of *Petitioning*.

Bum. *But how came those Committees (as ye call 'um) by their Commissions?*

Citt. For that, let me tell you, we had *two Grand Committees*, Two Grand Committees, that adjourn'd from place to place, as they saw occasion: But they met most commonly at *Two Coffee-houses*; the One near *Guild-hall*, the other in the *Strand*; for you must take notice that we went on, hand in hand with our *Neighbours* in the *Main Design*.

Bum. But you do not tell me yet who set up the Other Committees.

The Office of the Grand Committees.

Citt. These two Grand Committees, I tell you, nominated and appointed the Sub-Committees, gave them their Orders, and received their Reports: It was their Office more-over to digest Discoveries and Informations; to instruct Articles, improve Accusations, manage Controversies, defray the charge of Intelligencers, and Gatherers of hands; to dispose of Collections, to influence the Anglicus's and Domesticks, and fortifie those that were weak in the Faith; to furnish matter sometimes for Narratives.

Bum. What dost thou mean by Narratives, Citt?

Citt. They are only strange Stories; as that of the Dragon in Essex; Earth-quakes, Sights in the Air, Prodiges, and the like.

Bum. One would think it should not be worth their while, to buse their Heads about such Fooleries as these.

Stories of Prodiges startle the Common People.

Citt. Now this is thy simplicity Bumkin, for there is not any thing that moves the hearts of the People so effectually toward the Work of the Lord, especially when the Narrative carries some Historical Remarque in the Tail of it: As for the purpose, this or that happen'd in such a Kings Reign; and soon after such and such troubles befell the Church and State; such a Civil War, such or such a Persecution, or Invasion follow'd upon it: When the people perceive once that the Lord hath declared himself against the Nation, in these Tokens of his Displeasure, the Multitude seldom fail of helping the Judgment forward.

Bum. I don't know what you call your Committees, but our Country had their Meetings too; and there was a great Lord or two among 'um that shall be Nameless.

Citt. We could shew you asbergues Lords among Us, I'll assure you, than any you have; but let that pass.

Bum. You told me that your Committees were to practise Subscriptions: we were hard put to't, I'm sure, in the Country to get Hands.

The way of getting hands in and about London.

Citt. And so were we in the City, Bumkin; and if it had not been to advance the Protestant Interest, I'd have been torn to pieces by wild Horses, before I'd have done what I did. But extraordinary Cases must have extraordinary Allowances. There was hardly a Register about the Town that scap'd us for Names. Bedlam, Bridewell, all the Parish-houses, nay the very Goals and

Hospitals;

Hospitals; we had our Agents at all Publick Meetings, Court, Church, Change. All the Schools up and down; Masters under-writ for their Servants and Children; Women for their Husbands in the West-Indies; nay we prevail'd upon some Persons, to engage for their whole Congregation; we took in Jack-Straw, Mat Tyler, and the whole Legend of Poor Robbins' Saints into our List of Petitioners; and the same Names serv'd us in four or five several Places. And where's the hurt of all this now? So long as the Cause it self is Righteous.

Bum. Nay, the thing was well enough Citty, if we could but have gone through with it: And you shall see now that we were put to our shifts in the Country, as well as you in the City; I was employ'd, you must know, to get Names at four shillings a Hundred, and I had all my Real Subscriptions written at such a distance one from another, that I could easily clap in a Name or two betwixt 'em; and then I got as many School-boys as I could, to under-write after the same manner, and after this, I fill'd up all those spaces with Names that I either Remember'd or Invented my self, or could get out of two or three Christning-books. There are a World (ye know) of Smiths, Browns, Clarks, Walkers, Woods, so that I furnish'd my Catalogue with a matter of Fifty apeice of these Sir-Names, which I Christen'd my self. And besides, we had all the Non-conformist Ministers in the Country for us, and they brought in a power of hands,

Citt. What do you talk of your Nonconformists? They do but work Journey-work to Ours. We have the Heads of all the Protestant Dissenters in the Nation, here in this Town; why, we have more Religions, Bumkin, in this City, than you have People in your whole Countrey.

Bum. Ay, and 'tis a great blessing too, that when Professors are at so mighty Variance among themselves, there should be so wonderful an Agreement in the Common Cause.

Citt. And that's notably observ'd, Bumkin; for so we found it here. The Presbyterian got Hands of His Party; the Independent of His, the Baptist of His, the Fifth-Monarchy-man of His; and so throughout all our Divisions; and we had still the most zealous man in His way, to gather the Subscriptions. And when they had compleated their Roll, they discharg'd themselves as Naturally into the Grand Committee as Rivers into the Sea; and then we were sure of all the Republicans.

Bum. But after all this Care and Industry, how was it possible for the business to Miscarry?

Several ways
of getting
Hands in the
Country.

The Prote-
stant Dissent-
ers great Pro-
moters of the
Petition.

Cit. Why I know 'tis laid in our Dish, that when we had set the whole Kingdom agog upon Petitioning, our hearts would not serve us to go through stich, and so we drew our own necks out of the Collar, and left the Countries in the Lurch.

Bum. Nay that's the Truth on't, Cit; We stood all gaping for London to lead the way.

Cit. The great work that we look'd upon was the gaining of a well affected Common Council; which we secured upon the Election, with all the skill and watchfulness imaginable.

Bum. And that was a huge Point, Cit: but how were ye able to compass it?

Tricks to defeat Elections

Cit. Why we had no more to do, than to mark those that we knew were not for our turns; either as Courtiers, or Dissolvers, or half-Protestants, and their business was done.

Bum. We went the same way to work too in the Country, at all our Elections; for it is a lawful Policy, you know, to lessen the Reputation of an Enemy.

Cit. Nay we went further still, and set a Report afoot upon the Exchange, and all the Coffee-houses and Publick-houses thereabouts, which held from Change-time, till the very Rising of the Common Council, when the Petition was laid aside; that past so current, that no Mortal doubted the Truth on't.

Bum. But you ha' not told me what that Report was yet.

Cit. It was this; That the King had sent a Message to the City to let them understand that he took notice how much they stood affected to the Petition; that he expected they would proceed upon it; and that His Majesty was ready to give them a Gracious Answer.

Bum. But was this fair dealing Brother?

Cit. Did not Abraham say of Sarah, She's my Sister?

Bum. Well, thou'rt a heavenly man Cit! but come to the Dis-

The Petition laid aside in the Common-Council.

Cit. After as Hopeful a Choice as ever Was made, we procur'd a Common-Council: Where the Petition was put to the Vote, and it was carry'd in the Commons by two Voices, for the presenting it; and by Fourteen or Fifteen Votes in the Court of Aldermen, on the Negative.

Bum. So that your Damnd Aldermen, and our Damnd Justices, have ruin'd us both in City and Countrey.

Cit. Hang u'm, they are most of them Church-Papists; but we should

should have dealt well enough with them, if it had not been for that confounded *Act for Regulating Corporations*.

Bum. *Presbee let me understan that, for I know nothing on't.*

Curr. Take notice then, that the Devilish Statute has provided, That no man shall serve as a Common-Council-man, but upon condition of taking three Oaths, and Subscribing one Declaration therein mentioned; and having taken the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according the Rites of the Church of England, within one year next before his Election. Now it so fell out, that what with this *Act*, and a Court-Letter, for putting it in Execution, a matter of thirty of our Friends were put by, as not duly qualified; and upon the pinch we lost it. Nay, let me tell ye as a Friend, there were at least twenty or thirty of the rest too, that would hardly have past Muster.

Bum. *But is this certain?*

Curr. Why I am now in my Element *Bumkin*; for thou know'st my Education has been toward the Law.

Bum. *This was a Plaguy Fabb Cier; but we must look better to our Hats next hour.*

Curr. Nay my Life for thine we'll have another touch for't yet. But tell me in short, how came you off with your Petitions in the Country?

Bum. *It went on for a good while prettily well, at the Quarter-Sessions; till at last one cross-grain'd Curr there upon the Bench clau'd us all away to the Devil, and got an Order of Court against it, while you would say what's this.*

Curr. But what did he say?

Bum. Oh there was a great deal a stuff on't; the King and the Judges (he said) had declar'd it to be Seditious and so they were to take it, That they sate there to keep the King's Peace, not to countenance the Breaking of it; and then (says he) these fellows don't know what they would burn. One Petitions for Chalk, and Another for Cheese; the Petition was at first for the Meeting of the Parliament; and then they came to Twit the King with his Coronation Oath, and then Delinquents must be brought to Punishment; and then the Parliament was to sit as long as they pleas'd; and at last, every man must be mark'd for a Common Enemy that would not Subscribe it. So that first they would have the Parliament sit; and then they'd cut 'um out their work; and in fine, it was little other than a Petition against those that would not Petition. He said there

The Act for Corporations brake the neck on't.

The Petition baffled in the Country.

where were all practices in the putting of hands; and so they threw out the Petition, and order'd an Enquiry into the Abuses.

Cit. Well, there's no Remedy but Patience.

Bum. I had heard of Patience I'm sure; for they're Examining the Hands already, and as hard as they can drive; You'll see me in the Gazette next Friday as sure as a Gun.

Cit. Why then we must play the *Domestique* against him, next Friday.

Bum. Nay, I'm sure to be *main'd* for it to some time, if I be taken.

Cit. Prethee what art afraid of? There's no *Treason* in getting hands to a Petition, man.

Bum. No, that's true, but I have got in such a *Curry* of Dog-Rogues, they cry they're defam'd with a Fox, they'll have their remedy; and they make such a *Bawling*.

Cit. Come, come, set thy heart at rest; and know that in this City thou art in the very Sanctuary of the Well-afflicted. But 'tis good however to prepare for the worst, and the best (as they say) will help it self. But art thou really afraid of being taken?

Bum. And so would you be too, if you were in my condition, without a penny, or a friend in the World to help ye.

Cit. Thou art two great Owls, *Bumkin*, in a very few words. First, thou hast great friends, and do'st not know 'em; and Secondly, thou do'st not understand the Blessing, of having neither Friends, nor Money. In one word, I'll see thee provided for; and in the mean time, give me thy answer to a few questions.

I make no doubt but they that put thee into this Trust, and Employment of helping on the Petition, are men of Estates, and men well inclin'd to the Publick Cause.

Bum. O, then, Landlords and Masters are men of huge Estates: but 'tis the Tenants, and the Stewards that I have to do withal. But then (do you mark me?) those People are all in all with their Masters.

Cit. I suppose you may be known to the Landlords and Masters themselves too. Do they ever take any notice of you?

Bum. Yes, yes; I go often to their Houses many, and they speak mighty kindly to me; and there's nothing but Honest Obadiah, and Good Obadiah at every turn; and then the men call me into the Kitchen, or into the Cellar, or so. And then they tell you Otes, if it had not been for them once, I had been plausibly paid off in the Spiritual Court upon certain Occasions.

Cit. That's a very good sign of Affection to the Cause, as I told

The blessing
of having nei-
ther friends
nor Money.

The Petition
being in the
Methods of
Popularity.

told thee: and it would be never the worse if they were under a Cloud at Court; for an honest *Revenge*, ye know goes a great way with a tender Conscience.

Bum. I have heard some *Inkling* that way, but we'll scatter no Words.

Citt. They never speak any thing to you in Private, do they? As of *Grievances*, (I mean) *Religion*, the *Liberty* of the Subject, and such like?

Bum. No, no; but they talk as other People do, of the Plot and the Jesuits, and Popery, and the French King, and so.

Citt. And what is the Reason now, do ye think, that you are not receiv'd into their *Bed-Chambers*, their *Closets*, into their *Arms*, and into their very *Hearts*, as well as some other People as we know?

Bum. *Alas!* what should they do with me? I'm not a man fit to keep them Company.

Citt. Why then *Honest Bumpkin*, here's a Golden Sentence for A Golden thee; Be Taken, Sifted, Imprison'd, Pillory'd, and stand true to Sentence, thy Principles, and th'art company for the best Lord in *Christendom*. They'l never dare to trust thee till th'art *Jayl* and Pillory-proof; and the bringing thee into a Jayl, would be a greater kindness, than the fetching of another man Out,

Bum. Presbee Citt, tell me one thing by the way; hast thou ever made Trial of this Experiment thy self?

Citt. To tell thee as a Friend, I have try'd it, and I'm the best part of a Thousand Pound the better for't. 'Tis certainly the High-way to Preferment. A Jayl is the high-way to Preferment,

Bum. And yet for all this, Citt, I have no mind in the World to be Taken.

Citt. And that's because th'art an arrant Buzzard; the Lord deliver me from a Man that has neither Money nor Friends, and yet's afraid to be Taken. Why 'tis the very making of many a man's Fortune to be Taken. How many men are there that give Money to be Taken, and make a Trade on't? Nay happy is the man that can but get any body to Take him? Why I tell ye, there are people that will quarrel for't, and make Friends to be Taken. 'Tis a common thing in *Paris*, for a man in *One six Months*, to start out of a Friendless and Moneyless condition, into an Equipage of *Lacqueys* and *Coaches*; and all this by nicking the Blessed Opportunities of being discreetly Taken.

Bum. I have heard indeed of a man that set fire to one old House,

B

and

and get as much Money by a Brief for't, as will bin two New ones.

Cit. Have not I my self heard it cast in a fellows Teeth, I was the making of you Sirra, though y'are so high now a body must not speak to you: You had never been Taken and Clapt up, Sirrah, but for me.

Bum. Father, What Simphonsy we Country-folks are to you Citizens!

Cit. Now put the Case, Bumpkin, that you were Taken, Examind and Committed, provided you stand to your Tackle, y'are a Made man already; but if you shrink in the wering, y'are lost.

Bum. Pray'e what do ye mean by standing to my Tackle?

Cit. You must be sure to keep your self tipon a Guard, when y'are before the Justice; and not to be either wheedled, or frighten'd into any Discovery; for they'l be trying a thousand Tricks with you.

Bum. But may I deny any thing that's charg'd upon me, point-blank, if I be guilty of it?

A Salvo for a
Lic.

Cit. Yes in the Case of Self-preferonism, you may; but you must be sure then that nobody can disprove you; for if it be known, it is a Scandal, and no longer Lawful: Your best way will be not to answer any Questions against your self.

Bum. But now you have brought me into a Goal, you would do well to tell me how I shall get out again.

The Benefits
of Prison.

Cit. Why before you turn your self thrice in your Kennel, (if Baylable) Y'are out again upon a Habeas Corpus; but in the mean time, the Town rings of your Commitment, the cause of it, and how bravely you carry'd it upon your Examination; all which shall be reported to your Advantage; and by this time, y'are Celebrated for the Peoples Martyr. And now come in the Bottles, the Cold Pies, and the Geyms! But you must lay your Finger upon your Mouth, and keep all as close as if the Fairies had brought in.

Bum. Pre'rbes Cit, wert thou ever bound Prentice to a Stateman?

Cit. No, not altogether so neither; but I serv'd a convenient time in two of his Majesties Houses; and there I learnt my Politiques; that is to say, in Newgate, and the Gate-house; Two Schools (says one) that send more wise men into the World, than the four Inns of Court. Now let your suffering be what it will, the Merit of it will be rated according to the Difficulty and Ha-

zard

ward of the Encounter: For there's a great difference betwixt the Venture of a Pillory, and of a Gibbet. But in what case soever; if you stand fast and keep your Tongue in your head, you shall want neither *Money* nor *Law*; nor *Countenance*, nor *Friends* in the Court, nor *Friends* in the *Jury*.

Bum. Hold, hold, Citty; what if all my great Friends should deceive me at last?

Citty. They'll never dare to do that, for fear you should deceive them. I have found the experiment of it my self, and every Term yields us fresh Instances of People that make their Fortunes in a Trice, by a generous contempt of Principalities and Powers.

Bum. Thou'rt a brave fellow Citty; but pretbee what may thy Employment be at present, if a body may ask thee?

Citty. I am at this present, Bumpkin, under the *Rose* a Secretary Extraordinary to one of the Grand Committees I told thee of, and my Business is to draw up *Impachments*, *Informations*, *Articles*; to lick over now and then a *Narrative*; and to deal with the *Mercuries* to publish nothing against the Interest of that Party; and in fine, there's hardly any thing stirs, but I have a finger in't. Mine is a business, I can tell you, that brings in *Money*.

The Secretary
to a Grand
Committee.

Bum. I make no doubt on't, Citty; but could ye put me in a way to get a little *Money* too?

Citty. We'll talk of that presently. You may think perhaps now the City-Petition's blown off, that our Committee will have nothing to do. But I do assure you, business comes in so fast upon us, that I shall never be able to go thorough it without an *Assistant*; and if I find you fit for't, you shall be the man. Nay hold, let me speak first; do you continue the use of your *Short-band*?

Bum. Yes, I do: and I have mended my Bastard-Secretary very much since you saw it.

Citty. Will you be *Just*, *Diligent*, and *Secret*.

Bum. Ple give you what *Security* you'l ask, for my Truth and Diligence; and for my *Secresie*, I could almost forget to speak.

Citty. That figure pleases me; but I must sit you further; How stands your Appetite to *Wine* and *Women*?

Bum. Why truly, at the rate of other flesh and blood.

Citty. 'Tis not to bar ye neither; but what Liberties ye take, let them be *Private*, and either to advance the *Common Cause*, or at spare hours,

Bum. You cannot ask nor wish more than I'd do.

Citt. Only a word or two more, and then Ple let you into my Affairs. What course did you propound to your self, in case your *Petition* had succeeded? I ask this, because you seem so much troubled at the Disappointment.

Other peti-
tions upon the
Anvil.

Bum. *Why, if this Petition had gone on, and the Parliament had met, I was promised four or five Petitions more; one against Danby, and the Lords in the Tower, another for the Sitting of this Parliament, till they had gone through all they had to do; a Third for taking away the Bishops Votes, a Fourth, for the Remove of Evil Counsellors, and a Fifth, for putting the Militia into Safe hands.*

Citt. These Points, you must know, have been a long time upon the Anvil; and our Friends have Instructions all over the Kingdom, to proceed upon them to shew the Miraculous Union of the Nation. But do you think, because the *First Petition* has receiv'd a check, and the *Parliament* is *Prorog'd*, that therefore the other *Petitions* must fall to the ground?

Bum. I cannot well see how it should be otherwise.

Citt. Why then let me tell you, *Bumpkin*, We'll bring the whole business about again, and carry it on in spite of Fate, for we have better *Heads* at work perhaps than you are aware of.

Bum. *Ay, but what Hands have we Citt? for it will come to that at last.*

Citt. Those *Heads* will find *Hands*, never trouble your self, if there should be occasion; but 'tis too early days for that sport yet. 'Twas an unlucky thing however to be so surpriz'd; for our Friends did no more dream of the *Sacrament*, than of their *dying day*.

Bum. *Well, there's no recalling of what's past: But the Question is, how we shall avoid it for the time to come.*

Citt. Nay, *Bumpkin*, there's a Trick worth two of avoiding it; we'll take it next bout, and then we're safe; we'll carry it I'll undertake by fifty Voices.

Bum. *But cannot the Aldermen binder you from putting it to the Vote?*

A Design up-
on the Com-
mon Council.

Citt. 'Tis the Custom of the City, I must confess, for the Lord Mayor to Summon and dissolve *Common-Councils*; and to put all points to the *Quest*. but we'll find a cure for that too: 'Tis a thing we've been a good while about already; the bringing down

down the *Authority* of the City into the *Major part* of the *Commons*.

Bum. Now if the Mayor and Aldermen should be aware of this, they'll never endure it; but we must leave that to time. But hark ye Citty, I thought our Friends refusing of the Sacrament had been matter of Conscience.

Citt. Why so it is, man: but take notice then, that you are to distinguish of Consciences: There is first, a plain simple Conscience, and that's a Conscience that will serve well enough to keep a man Right, if he meet with nothing else to put him out of the way. And then there's a Conscience of State, or Profit; and that Conscience yields, as a less Weight does to a greater; an Ounce turns the Scale, but a Pound carries the Ounce, and no body blames the weaker for being over-power'd by the stronger. There is a Conscience of Profession too; which is a Conscience that does not so much regard the Reason of the thing; as the being True to a Party, when a man has past his Word: and this is the Conscience of a man of Honour, that fights for his Whore. There is likewise a Conscience of Religion, and that's a quiet peaceable Conscience, that rests in the Affection of the Heart, in submission to Lawful Institutions; and in serving God, and doing good to our Neighbour, without Noise or Ostentation.

Bum. Well, but I see a great many very Conscientious men that love to pray and sing Psalms next the Street, that their Neighbours may hear 'um; and go up and down shaking of their Heads, and wringing of their Hands, crying out of the Calves of Bethel, and the High Places, Popery, Prelacy, and the Common Prayer, in such a manner, that 'twould grieve a bodies heart to see 'um.

Citt. These are Conscientious men, Bumpkin; and this is the Conscience of State or Profit, that I told ye of.

Bum. Ay, but I have seen some men in Fits of the Spirit, jump, and sing about a Pulpit so desperately, that they set the Children a crying to have 'um let out. One while they'd raise themselves upon their Tip-toes, and roar out upon a sudden, you'd have thought they had been pinch'd with Hot Irons; and then all in an Instant they'd Dop down again, that ye could hardly see 'um; and so fall into a faint lamenting Voice, like the Groan of a poor Woman three quarters spent in Labour. Nay, there was one of 'um that Gap'd and held his mouth open so long, that the People cry'd out, The man has a Bone in his Throat. These must needs be very Conscientious men, Citty.

Bum. *You cannot ask nor wish more than I'd do.*

Citt. Only a word or two more, and then Ple let you into my Affairs. What course did you propound to your self, in case your *Petition* had succeeded? I ask this, because you seem so much troubled at the Disappointment.

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down the *Authority* of the *City* into the *Major part* of the *Commons*.

Bum. *Now if the Mayor and Aldermen should be aware of this, they'll never endure it; but we must leave that to time. But hark ye Citty, I thought our Friends refusing of the Sacrament had been matter of Conscience.*

Citt. Why so it is, man: but take notice then, that you are to distinguish of *Consciences*: There is first, a plain simple *Conscience*; and that's a *Conscience* that will serve well enough to keep a man *Right*, if he meet with nothing else to put him out of the way. And then there's a *Conscience* of *State*, or *Profit*; and that *Conscience* yields, as a *less Weight* does to a greater; an Ounce turns the *Scale*, but a *Pound* carries the Ounce, and no body blames the weaker for being over-power'd by the stronger. There is a *Conscience* of *Profession* too; which is a *Conscience* that does not so much regard the *Reason* of the thing; as the being *True* to a *Party*, when a man has past his *Word*: and this is the *Conscience* of a man of *Honour*; that fights for his *Whore*. There is likewise a *Conscience* of *Religion*, and that's a quiet peaceable *Conscience*, that rests in the Affection of the *Heart*, in submission to *Lawful Institutions*; and in serving *God*, and doing good to our *Neighbour*, without *Noise* or *Ostentation*.

Bum. Well, but I see a great many very *Conscientious* men that love to pray and sing *Psalms* next the *Street*, that their *Neighbours* may hear 'um; and go up and down shaking of their *Heads*, and wringing of their *Hands*, crying out of the *Calves* of *Bethel*, and the *High Places*, *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and the *Common Prayer*, in such a manner, that 'twould grieve a bodies heart to see 'um.

Citt. These are *Conscientious* men, *Bumpkin*; and this is the *Conscience* of *State* or *Profit*, that I told ye of.

Bum. Ay, but I have seen some men in *Fits* of the *Spirit*, jump, and sling about a *Pulpit* so desperately, that they set the *Children* a crying to have 'um let out. One while they'd raise themselves upon their *Tip-toes*, and roar out upon a sudden, you'd have thought they had been pinch'd with *Hot Irons*; and then all in an *Instant* they'd *Dop* down again, that ye could hardly see 'um; and so fall into a faint lamenting Voice, like the *Groan* of a poor *Woman* three quarters spent in *Labour*. Nay, there was one of 'um that Gap'd and held his mouth open so long, that the *People* cry'd out, The man has a *Bone* in his *Throat*. These must needs be very *Conscientious* men,

Citt.

Citt.

Citt. They are so *Bumpkin*, but 'tis the same Conscience still; for it works all manner of ways. We took up this Mode, I suppose, from the *Transports* and *Grimaces* of the *Pagan Priests*, in the Ceremony of their *Sacrifices*, which had a very effectual operation upon the People.

Bum. Nay *Citt*, these men have a holy way of Language too, as well as of Behaviour, for all their Talk is of Heaven, and Heavenly things, the Saints, and the New Jerusalem; they deal mightily in Expositions upon the Viols, and the Little Horn: and then they are bitterly severe against Wicked Magistrates, and those that Lord it over God's Heritage. They are, in fine, a very Conscientious sort of People.

Citt. Oh beyond question so they are: But this is still a Branch of the same Conscience. I have known indeed some People so Transported with this same Talkative Holiness, that it has been a kind of Spiritual Salvation to 'um; they continue spinning when they have got one drop of Moisture left 'um in their Bodies.

Bum. Presbee *Citt*, tell me in honest English, where shall a body find the Simple, and the Religious Consciences about a St one of?

Not many
Religious
Consciences.

Citt. Why every man living has the former of 'um, but takes no notice on't: But for the latter sort, 'tis very scarce; and you shall find more of it perhaps in one Fayr, or in one Hospital, than in all the Courts of Christendom. It is commonly the Blessing of men in years, in sickness, or in adversity.

Bum. Ah *Citt*, that I were but as capable of Learning as thou art of Teaching! Presbee explain thy self a little upon the Conscience of Profession too.

A Conscience
of Profession.

Citt. Observe me what I say then, *Bumpkin*: There is a Profession, Particular, and General; Particular, as when One Cavalier serves another in a Duel, he's obliged to it by the Profession of a Sword-man, without Formalizing upon the Cause. There's a Conscience of Profession even among the Banditti themselves. What is it but the Profession of Presbytery, that makes the whole Party oppose Episcopacy; as the Independants do Presbytery, the Republicans Monarchy, and the like.

Bum. Now I thought that there might have been Conscience of State, as well as of Profession in these Cases.

Citt. Thou sayst very well, *Bumpkin*, and so there is, and of Profit too; and it was much the same Case too, throughout the

the Circle of our Late *Revolutions*, when we Swore and Vow'd from the Oaths of *Allegiance*, and Canonical Obedience, to the *Protestant*, the Solemn League and Covenant, the *Engagement*, the *Negative Oath*, the Oath of *Abjuration*, and so till we swore round, into the Oath of *Allegiance* again.

Bum. What do you mean now by your General Profession?

Cit. I mean the Subordination of a *Partial* to a *General*; of a *Private Profession* to a *Publick*; as thou seest in the late Times, *Bumpkin*, how strictly the *Divided Reformers* kept themselves to this Rule, so long as the *Common Enemy* was upon his Legs.

Bum. But what do you mean by the *Common Enemy*?

Cit. I mean the *Court*, and the *Church-Party*. So long (I say) all our Brethren of the Separation joyn'd as one man, against that *Inordinate Power*; and herein we were *Conscientiously True* to our *General Profession*; but so soon as ever we had subdu'd that *Papish* and *Tyrannical Interest*, through the *Conscience* of our *General Profession*, we then consulted our *Particular*; and every man did *Conscientiously* labour for the Establishment of his own way. But now we come to the great Nicety of all: that is to say, the *Conscience* of making a *Conscience* of using any *Conscience* at all. There's a Riddle for ye *Bumpkin*.

Bum. I must confess I do not understand one bit on't,

Cit. That's for want of a discerning Spirit, *Bumpkin*. What does *Conscience* signifie to the *Saints*, that are deliver'd from the Fetters of *Moral Obligations*, by so many *Extraordinary* and *Over-ruling Privileges*, which are granted in a peculiar manner to the *People of the Lord*? What's he the better or the worse for keeping or for breaking the *Ten Commandments*, that lies under the *Predestinarian Fate* of an *Unchangeable Necessity* and Decree? What needs he care for any other *Guide*, that carries within himself an *Infallible Light*? Or he for any *Rule* at all that cannot sin? For the same thing may be a *sin* in another *Man*, which in *Him* is *None*.

A Conscience of using no Conscience at all.

Bum. Really this is admirable: So that we that are the *Elect*, are bound up by no *Laws* at all, either of *God* or of *Man*.

Cit. Why look you now for that; we *Are*, and we are *Not*. If it so happens that the *Inward* and *Invisible Spirit* move us to do the same thing, which the *Outward* and *Visible Law* requires of us, in *That Case* we are bound; but so, as to the *Spirit*, not to the *Law*: and therefore we are bid to stand fast in our *Christian Liberty*.

Bum

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Bum

A Conscience of using no Conscience at all.

Of Christian
Liberty.

Bum. *That's extremely well said; for if We Christians should be Shackled with Humane Laws, which can only reach the Outward Man, then are the Heritage of the Lord, in no better condition then the Wicked, and the Heathen.*

The Extent
of it.

Citt. *Oh! th'art infinitely in the Right; for were it not for this Christian Liberty, we could never have Justified our Selves in our Late Transactions: the Design of Overturning the Government had been Treason; taking up Arms against the King, Rebellion: Dividing from the Communion of the Church, had been Schism; appropriating the Church-Plate and Revenues to private Uses, had been Sacrilege; entring upon Sequester'd Livings had been Oppression; taking away mens Estates had been Robbery; Imprisoning of their Persons had been Tyranny; using the Name of God to all this, would have been Hypocrisie; forcing of contradictory Oaths, had been Impiety; and shedding the Blood both of the King and his People, had been Murder: And all this would have appear'd so to be, if the Cause had come to be Try'd by the known Laws either of God or Man.*

Bum. *Make us thankful now! What a blessed State are we in; that Walk up to our Calling, in Simplicity and Truth, whose Yea is Yea, and whose Nay is Nay. 'Tis a strange way thou hast Citt, of making things out to a man. Thou wert saying but now, that the same thing may be a Sin in One man, and not in Another. I'm thinking now of the Jesuits.*

Citt. *Oh that's a Juggling, Equivocating, Hellish sort of People; 'tis a thousand pities that they'r suffered to live upon the Earth; they value an Oath, no more than they do a Rush. Those are the Heads of the Plot now upon the Life of the King, the Protestant Religion, and the Subversion of the Government.*

Jesuits and
Phanatics
compar'd.

Bum. *A, Ay, Citt, they'r a damn'd Generation of Hell-hounds. But as I was thinking just now, we have so many things among Us, like some things among Them, that I have been run down sometimes almost, as if we our selves were Jesuits; though I know there's as much difference as betwixt Light and Darknes; and for my part, I despise them as I do the Devil.*

A Vast difference
betwixt
them.

But Citt, *thou hast so wonderful a way of making Matters plain, I'd give any thing in the World thou'dst but teach me what to say in some Cases, when I'm put to't. One told me the other day, You are rather worse than the Jesuits (says he) for when They break an Oath, they have some Mental Reservation or other for a Come-off :-*

But

But You Swallow your Perjuries, just as Cormorants do Eels; and Oath's no sooner in at one end, then out at t'other.

Citt. Let your Answer be This, Bumpkin, That the Law-maker is Master of his own Laws; and that the Spirits dictating of a New Law is, the Superseding of an old one.

Bum. These are hard words, Citt; but be told me further, don't You justify King-killing (says he) as well as the Jesuits? Only They do't with Pistol, Dagger and Poyson; and You come with Your Horse, Foot, and Cannon: They proceed by Excommunicating, and Deposing; by Dissolving the Character first, and then Destroying the Person; and just so did You. First, ye Depos'd the King, and then ye Bebeaded Charls Stewart. And then you need never go to Rome for a Pardon, when every man among you is his own Pope.

Citt. Now your Answer must be This; That we had, First, The Fanaticks the Warrant for what we did, of an Extraordinary Dispensation (as appear'd in the Providence of our Success.) Secondly, we had the Laws of Necessity, and Self-Preservation to support us. And Thirdly, the Government being Co-ordinate, and the King only One of the Three Estates; any Two of the Three might deal with the Third as they thought Fit: Beside the Ultimate Sovereignty of the People, over and above. And now take notice, that the same Argument holds in the Subversion of the Government.

Bum, Now you have Arm'd me thus far, pray'e help me on, one Step farther; for I was hard put to't not long since about the business of the Protestant Religion. What is that I pray'e, that ye call the Protestant Religion?

Citt. You are to understand, that by the Protestant Religion is meant the Religion of the Dissenters in England, from the Church of England; As the First Protestants in Germany, 1529. (from whom we denominate our Selves) were Dissenters from the Church of Rome: and so Call'd from the famous Protestation they enter'd against the Decree of the Assembly at Spires, against Anabaptists.

Bum. So that I perceive We Set up the Protestant Religion; we did not Destroy it: But they prest it then, that the Church of England was a Protestant Church, and that the Jesuits had only Design'd the Destruction of it, whereas we did actually Execute it.

Their Practices compar'd.

Clear'd.

Of Dissenting Protestants.

Mr. Cirt. Your Answer must be, that the Church of England, though it be a little *Protestantish*, it is not yet directly *Protestant*: As on the other side, it is not altogether the *Whore of Babylon*, though a good deal *Whorish*; and therefore the Reply to that must be, that we did not *Destroy*, but only *Reform* it.

Bum. *Why I have answer'd People out of my own Mother-Wit, that we did but Reform it. And they told me again, the cutting of it off Root and Branch, was a very extraordinary way of Reforming.*

The meaning
of Root and
Branch.

Cirt. The Answer to that is obvious, that the *Cutting off Root and Branch*, is only a *Thorow*, or a *Higher Degree of Reforming*. But upon the whole matter, it was with *Us* and the *Jesuits*, as it was with *Aaron* and the *Magicians*; we did both of us make *Frogs*, but we alone had the power to quicken the *Dust of the Land*, and turn it into *Lice*.

Thou art by this time, I presume, sufficiently instructed in the *Methods* and *Fundamentals* of the *Holy Cause*. I shall now give you some necessary *Hints*, to fit and qualify you for the *Province* that I intend you. But before you mind your *Lesson*.

Bum. *As I would do my Prayers, Cirt; or I were ungrateful, for you have made me for ever.*

Cirt. Come we'll take t'other *Sup* first, and then to *Work*. Who waits there without? *Two Pots more, and shut the door after Ye.*

A great part of your business, *Bumpkin*, will lie among *Parliament-Rolls*, and *Records*; for it must be our *Post* to furnish *Materials* to a *Cabal* only of *Three Persons*; that be ready upon occasion, to be made use of by the *Grand Committee*.

Rolls and Re-
cords hunted
for Presidents

Bum. *My old Master would say, that I had as good a guess at a Minty Record, as any man; and 'twas my whole Employment almost to hunt for Presidents. Nay the People would Trust me with Great Bags home to my Lodging; and leave me alone sometimes in the Offices for four and twenty hours together.*

Cirt. But what kind of *Presidents* were they that ye lookt for?

Bum. *Concerning the Kings Prerogative, Bishops Votes, the Liberty and Property of the Subject; and the like: and such as they wanted, I writ em.*

Cirt. But did you Recite them whole? or what did you *Take*, and what did you *Leave*?

Bum.

Bum. We took what serv'd our Turn, and left out the Rest; and sometimes we were taken Tripping, and sometimes we Scap'd. But we never falsify'd any thing. There were some dogged Passages, indeed we durst not meddle with at all; but I can turn ye to any thing you have occasion for, with a wet finger.

Citt. So that here's one great point quickly over; in thy being Train'd to my hand: a man might lay thee down instructions, now, for thy very Words, Looks, Motions, Gestures; nay thy very Garments; but we'll leave those matters to Time, and Study. It is a strange thing how Nature puts her self forth, in these External Circumstances. Ye shall know a Sanctify'd Sister, or a Gifted Brother more by the Mien, Countenance, and Tone, than by the Tenour of their Lives and Manners. It is a comely thing for Persons of the same Perswasion, to agree in these outward Circumstances, even to the drawing of the same Tone, and making of the same Face: always provided, that there may be read in our Appearances, a Singularity of Zeal, a Contempt of the World, a Foreboding of Evils to come; a Dissatisfaction at the present Times; and a Despair of better.

Bum. Why this is the very part, that I was made for; these Humors are to be put on and off, as a man would shift his Gloves; and you shall see me do't as easily too; but the Language must be got, I fancy, by conversing with Modern Authors; and frequenting Religious Exercises.

Citt. Yes, yes, and for a help to your memory, I would advise you to dispose of your Observations into these Three Heads; Words, Phrases, and Metaphors: Do you conceive me?

Bum. There's not a word you say shall fall to the Ground; And I am the more sensible of the force of Words, Looks, Tones, and Metaphors (as ye call 'um) from what I find in my self. Ours certainly may be well term'd a Powerful Ministry, that makes a man cry like a Child at the very noise of a Torrent of Words; that he does not understand one Syllable of. Nay, when I have been out of reach of hearing the Words, the very Tone and Look has melted me.

Citt. Thou canst not but have heard of that moving Metaphor of the late Reverend Mr. Fowler; Lord Soule us; (says he) Lord Dowse us in the Powdering-Tub of Affliction; that we may come forth Tripes worthy of thy Holy Table. Who can resist the Inundation of this Rhetorick? But let us now pass from the General Ornaments of our Profession to the particular business of our Present Case.

Lessons of Behaviour for the well-affected.

The Force of Looks and Tones.

A Moving Metaphor.

I need not tell you, *Bumpkin* of the Plot, or that we are all running into *Popery*; and that the best Service an *English man* can do his Country, would be the ripping up of this Design to the Bottom.

Bum. *I am so much of your Opinion, that you have spoken my very Thoughts.*

Citt. Bethink your self, *Bumpkin*; what *Papists* do you know?

Bum. Ob bang 'um all, I never come near any of 'um.

Citt. But yet you may have heard, perhaps, of some people that are *Popishly affected*.

Bum. *Yes, yes; there are abundance of them.*

Citt. Can you prove that ever they said or did any thing, in favour of the *Papists*.

Bum. *Nay there's enough of that I believe; but then there are such Huge Great Men among 'um.*

Citt. Pluck up a good heart, *Bumpkin*; the Greater the Better; We fear 'um not. Rub up your Memory, and call to mind what you can say upon your own Knowledge, and what you have Heard; either about Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, The Plot, The Traitors that suffer'd, or the Kings Evidence.

Bum. *I have seen People shrug sometimes, and lift up their Hands and Eyes, and shake their Heads, and then they would clutch their Fists, Look sour, make Mouths, and bite their Nails, and so: and I dare swear I know what they thought.*

Citt. Ah *Bumpkin*, if they had but so much as mutter'd, they'd been our own.

Signs in Evidence.

Bum. *Well, but bark ye, Citt, I hear People swear, or in WORDS to this Effect? Why may not a man as well swear in SIGNS to this Effect (and that they lifted up their Eyes and Hands, bent their Fists, knit their Brows, and made their Mouths to this or that Effect?*

Citt. No, that will never do, *Bumpkin*, but if thou couldst but phantasie that thou heardst them speak.

Bum. *Why truly I never thought on't, but I saw a Parson once the Tears stood in his Eyes, as one of 'um went by to Execution. But your Surcingle-men, (as our Doctor told us last Lords Day) are all of 'um Papists in their Hearts.*

Citt. Why what's the Common-Prayer-Book, *Bumpkin*, but a Mefs of Par-boyl'd *Popery*.

Bum. *I'm a Dog if our Minister does not pray for the Queen still.*

Citt.

Citt. Nay, we are e'ne at a fine pass, when the *Pulpit* prays *Sad Times*, for the *Queen*; and the *Bench* Drinks the *Duke of York's Health*. But to the point, bethink your self well; a man may forget a thing to day, and recollect it to morrow. Take notice however, that it is another main point of your Instructions to procure *Informations* of this quality.

Bum. I'll fit you to a hair for that matter: but then I must be running up and down ye know into Taverns and Coffee-houses, and thrusting my self into Meetings and Clubs. *That licks Money.*

Citt. Never trouble your self for that, you shall be well paid and your expences born: Beside so much a head from the State, for every Priest that you discover.

Bum. Well! these Priests and Jesuits are damn'd fellows.

Citt. And yet let me tell you *Bumpkin*, a *Bare-fac'd Papist* is not half so bad as a *Papist* in *Masquerade*,

Bum. Why what are those I prethee.

Citt. They are your *Will-worship-men*, your *Prelates Brats*: Take the whole Litter of 'um, and you'll find never a *Bartel* a better *Herring*. Let me tell thee in Love *Bumpkin*, these *Currs* are forty times worse to *Us* than the *Jesuits* themselves; for the one is an open Enemy, the other lies gnawing like a Canker in bowels. And then being train'd up to *Latin and Greek*: There's no opposing of the Power of Godliness to the *Sophistry* of *Humane Reason*: Besides that, the Law is for us in the one Case and against us in the other.

Church-men
worse to Dis-
senters than
Jesuits.

Bum. Which way shall we go to work then, to deal with this Generation of Men?

Citt. We must joyn the *Wisdom* of the *Serpent* to the *Innocence* of the *Dove*; and endeavour to compass that by *Stratagem* which we cannot gain by *Argument*. But now am I going to open a *Mystery* to thee that's worth——

Bum. Prethee the worth on't *Citt*: For Talk is but talk, the Worth is the main point.

Citt. Why then let me tell thee *Bumpkin*, the *Mystery* that I am about to disclose to thee; was worth to our Predecessors not long since no less than *Three Kingdoms*, and a better penny. But Ple seal your Lips up, before I stir one step further.

Bum. Why look ye *Citt*, may this Drink never go through me, if I ever blab one Syllable of any thing thou tell'st me as a Secret.

Citt.

Citt. Hold, hold, Bumpkin, and may it never come up again if thou do'st; for we'll have no shifting.

Bum. And may it never come up again neither if I do.

The strange Agreement of Dissenters. *Citt.* Well, I'm satisfy'd and now give attention; thou seest how unanimously fierce all the several Parties of the *Protestant Dissenters* are against the *Papists*. Whence comes this *Conjunction*, I pre'thee, of so many separate *Congregations*, that are many of them worse than *Papists*, one to another? There must be in it, either *Conscience* or *Interest*; if it were *Conscience*, we should fall foul one upon another, and for matter of *Interest*; when the *Papists* are destroy'd, we are but still where we were.

Bum. This is a Crochet, *Citt*, that did not fall under my *Night-Cap*.

Citt. Be enlightened then. It is not the Destruction of those that are Really *Papists*, that will do our work; for there's nothing to be got by't. But it must be our business to make those

The scope of that Agreement. People pass for *Papists*, that are not so, but only have Places to Lose: such as we our selves, by the removal of them, may be the better for; and This, Bumpkin, must be our Master-piece.

Bum. I had this very Fancy my self, *Citt*, but it stuck betwixt my Teeth, and would not out.

Citt. You hear now in General what is to be done; You must be next instructed in the Acts of Raising, Cherishing, and Fomenting such Opinions; in what Cases to Improve them, and where to Apply them.

Who are Popishly affected in the first place. *Bum.* I'm perswaded my Masters Brother had this very thing in his Head, though he never made words on't to me: He had got a List of all the considerable Offices and Employments in the Kingdom; And I remember he was us'd to say, that most of the respective Officers were either Corrupt, or Popishly Affected. If they were Publick Ministers; either the Kings Councils were betray'd, or they put him upon Governing in an Arbitrary way, and without Parliaments: As for the Judges there was either Bribery, Absolute Power, or Oppression laid to their Charge; and so all the rest were branded for Frauds, Imbezements, and the like, according to the Quality of their business: All the Governors of Towns, Castles, and Forts, were Popishly Inclined; and not to be Trusted. And then all Ecclesiastical Officers, whatsoever, within four or five, were half way to Rome already.

Citt.

Citt. This is well remembred, *Bumpkin*: Now 'tis worth a bodie while to make *these Blades* pass for *Papists*, and *Traytors*; that leave *good Offices* behind 'um. Nay, we must not suffer so much as any man, either of *Brains*, or *Fortune* (that does not joyn with *Us*) to pass untainted.

Bum. *Thou say'st right, Citt; for whosoever is not With us, is Against us.*

Citt. Thou hast spoken pat to this point, *Bumpkin*; but yet thou begin'st at the wrong End; For you must first get the skill of *Raising*, and *Improving* a *Report*, before ye come to the *Fixing* of it: for that's a Nicety not to be medled with, till we come to the taking out of the very Pins, and the Unhinging of the Government; so that the *first Clamour* must be *Levell'd* point-blank at some *Known*, and *Eminent Papists*.

Bum. *Well, but what shall we Charge 'um with?*

Citt. Why, if we were once at the bottom of *this Plot* (which, upon my Soul, *Bumpkin*, is a most hideous one) and wanted matter for another, I would charge them with a Design of betraying us to a *Foreign Enemy*.

Bum. *As how a Foreign Enemy prethee?*

Citt. As thus: I would charge 'um with holding an Intelligence with the Emperor of *Morocco*, for the Landing of *five* Charge-
and thirty thousand Light-horsemen upon Salisbury Plain.

Bum. *Prethee, Citt, don't Romance.*

Citt. Prethee do not *Balderno*, ye should say; speak *Statutable English*, ye Fool you. Thou think'st perhaps that the People will not believe it: Observe but what I say to thee; let it but be put into the *Protestant Domestique*, that his *Imperial Majesty* is to hold up his Hand at the *Kings Bench-Bar* for't; and let me be Dogs-meat if they do not swallow that too. Why prethee, *Bumpkin*, we must make 'um believe stranger things than Nothing In-credible. this, or we shall never do our business. They must be made to believe, that the *King* intends to play the *Tyrant*; that all his *Cancellors* are *Pensioners* to the *French King*; that all his *Enemies* are turn'd his *Friends* o'th' sudden, and all his *Friends* his *Enemies*; that *Prelacy* is *Anti-Christian*, all our *Clergy-men* *Papists*, the *Liturgy* the *Mass-Book*, and that the *Ten Commandments* are to be read backward!

Bum. *Bless me, Citt; What do I here?*

Citt. Come, come, *Sirrah*, y'are under an Oath; and this
is.

Popish Ministers may have Orthodox Offices.

is the plain Truth on't. What is it to Thee and Me, I pre'thee, whether the *Great Ministers* be True or False; Or what Religion the *Clergy* are of, so long as their *Living's* ye Rogue, are *Orthodox*, and their *Offices* well-affected.

Bum. This does qualifie, I must confess: But you were saying, that the first Clamour should be levell'd at some known and eminent Papists: Now what comes after that, I beseech you?

Citt. You may safely Mark all their Friends then for Popishly-affected; and so consequently on to all that love them, and all that they love. When this Opinion is once started, 'tis an easie matter by the help of Invention and Story to improve it; and by this means we shall come, in a short time to secure all the Councils of the Nation to our Party, that are chosen by Suffrage. If you were Read in History you would find, that still as the Papists set the House on fire, the Non-Conformists took the Opportunity of Roasting their own Eggs.

Who are Popishly affected.

Bum. Yes, yes, I understand ye. As for Example now, One goes to the Lords in the Tower; Another (as you were saying) drinks the Duke's Health; a Third prays for the Queen; a Fourth Fancies Two Plots; a Fifth refuses the Petition; a Sixth speaks well of my Lord Chief-Justice, or calls the Protestant Domestick a Libel. All these now are Popishly Affected.

Citt. Save your Breath, Bumpkin, and take all in one word: Whosoever will not do as we would have him, shall be made so.

But now to the matter of Invention, and Story; I hate the over-hearing of Discourses in blind Allyes, and such ordinary Shams: I'm rather for coming down-right to the Man, and to the Point; after the way of the Protestant Domestick.

Matters of Eoment.

Bum. Ay, ay: There's your free Speaker. Well, Citt, the King wants such men about him. But pre'thee hear me; Is it certain his Majesty has Lent the King of France Three Millions?

Citt. No, no; some Two and a half or thereabouts.

Bum. Why, if the King would but make a League now with the Swiss, to keep the Turk off that way; and another with the Protestants in Hungary, to keep off the French; the whole world could never hurt us.

Citt. Nay that's true enough, but then the Pole lies so damnablely betwixt Us and the Ballick.

Bum. I'de not value that a half-penny, so long as we have the Waldenses for Friend.

Citt.

Citt. And then *New England* lies so conveniently for *Provisions*. But what do you think of drawing *Nova Scotia*, and *Genewa* into the *Alliance*?

Bum. Ay, but there's no hope of that : so long as the King follows these *Counsels*.

Citt. Thou art a great Read man I perceive in the *Interest* of *States*.

Bum. I have always had a phansie to Stow's Survey of London, and those kind of Books.

Citt. But good *Bumpkin*, what's thy opinion of the *Bishops* Votes in Cases of Life and Death.

Bum. Ay, or in Cases of Heaven and Hell either. Why as true as thou art a man, *Citt*, we have but Three Protestant Bishops in the Nation ; and I am told they are warping too.

Citt. Prethee why should we look for any Protestant Bishops in the Kingdom, when there's no Protestant Episcopacy in the World? but for all this, we may yet live to see the *Rasling* of their *Lawn Sleeves*.

Bum. Oh, now I think on't ; didst thou ever read the Story of *Moses* and the Ten Tables?

Citt. The Two Tables in the Mount thou mean'st.

Bum. Gad I think 'tis the Two Tables. I read it in Print t'other day, in a very good Book, that as sure as thou art alive now, the Bishops in *Harry the 8th.* made the Ten Commandments.

Citt. Why that was the Reason, *Bumpkin*, when the Lords and Commons put down Bishops, they put down the Ten Commandments too ; and made New ones of their Own. And dost not thou take notice that they put down the Lords Prayer too, because 'twas akin to the *Popish Pater-Noster* ? and then for the Creed, they cast it quite out of the *Directory*.

Bum. Now as thou lay'st it down to me, the Case is as clear as Crystal. And yet when I'm by my self sometime, I'm so afraid methinks of being Damn'd.

Citt. What for, ye Fop you?

Bum. Why for Swearing, Lying, Dissembling, Cheating, Betraying, Defaming, and the like.

Citt. Put it at worst, do not you know that every man must have his Dose of Iniquity? And that what you take out in One Way you abate for in another, as in *Prophaning*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and so forth. Suppose you should see *POYSON* set in Capital

The Brethren
are only for
Profitable
sins.

tal Lettess, upon seven Veals in a Laboratory; where a madnes I know, for any man to venture his Life upon 'um, without a Taster. But having before your eyes so many Instances, of men, that by drinking of these Poysonous Liquors; out of a Consumptive, Half-starv'd, and Heart-broken Condition, grow Merry, Fat, and Lusty, would not you venture too? Imagine These Seven Waters to be the Seven Deadly Sins, and then make your Application.

Bum. Nay the Case is plain enough, and I cannot see why that should be a Poyson to me, that's a Preservative to Another: Only our Adversaries twist us with Objections of Law forsooth, and Religion.

Citt. Wherefore the Discipline of the Late Times sav'd a great deal of puzzle. Mr. Prynn sent His Clients to Mr. Case for Religion; and Mr. Case in requital, sent His to Mr. Prynn for Law; which kept up a Concord among the Well-affected. But your Lesson in both these Cases, falls into a very narrow compass.

Bum. Pray'e let it be Plain that I may Understand it; and in Short that I may Remember it.

Three Positi-
ons.

Citt. Keep close only to these Three Positions: First, that the King is One of the Three Estates; Secondly, that the Sovereign Power is in the People; and Thirdly, that it is better to obey God, than Man. These Fundamentals will serve to guide ye in almost any Dispute upon this Matter, that can occur to you.

Bum. But what becomes of me, if my Adversaries should turn the question another way?

Citt. Ple fortifie you there too. And let me tell you that he'l have much ado to keep himself Clear of one of these two Rocks: Either of Dashing upon the Plot, or upon the Liberty of the Subject. As for Example.

L'Estrange
Confuted.

There's L'Estrange as wary a Dog perhaps as ever pift; and yet ye shall see how we have hamper'd Him. I write the thing my self, ye must know, though it comes out in the Name of the Authors of the Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome. 'Tis Dedicated to Both Houses of Parliament; and Design'd just for the 26th of January: So that if the Parliament had Set, there would have been means us'd to have had him Question'd for't.

Bum. Gad, I know where ye are now. 'Tis in the Preface to the History of the Damnable Popish Plot,

Citt.

Citt. Ay, that's it. Ple give ye First, the *Words* in't that concern *L'Estrange*, and you shall Then see the *Writings* of *His* that I have reflected upon.

Bum. Oh, 'Tis a devillish witty thing, *Citt*; I have seen it. *Me-thinks* the *Rogue* should hang himself out of the way: Ple go to *Man's* *Coffe-House* and see how he looks on't.

Citt. No, no, Pox on him; he's an Impudent *Curr*; nothing less than a Pillory will put him out of Countenance. This Toad was in *Newgate*, I know not how long; and yet he'l take no warning.

Bum. You must consider, *Citt*, that he writes for Money; O my Soul, they say, the Bishops have given him five hundred Guinies: But pre'thee *Citt*, hast not thou seen the Answer to the Appeal, Expounded?

Citt. Yes but I ha' not read it.

Bum. Why then take it from me, *Citt*, 'tis one of the shrewdest Pieces that ever came in *Print*. *L'Estrange*, you must know wrote an Answer to the Appeal.

Citt. We've a sweet Government the while, that any man should dare to fall foul upon *That Appeal*.

Bum. Well, but so it is; and Another has written Notes upon Him: You can't imagine, *Citt*, how he winds him about's Finger; And calls him Fidler, Impudent, Clod-pate; and proves him to be a Jesuit, and a Papist as plain as the Nose of a *Mans* Face: he shews ye how he accuses the Kings Evidence; and that he is in Both Plots, in I know not how many places.

Citt. I have known the man a great while; and let me tell *Citt.* drawing ye in Private, I am to draw up Articles against him. But I have up Articles. been so busie about my Lord Chief Justices Articles, and Other Articles against a Great Woman, that lay upon my hand, that I could not get leisure; and yet I should have met with him long ere This too, for all that, but that the Committee Sits so cursedly Late: And then they have cut me out such a deal of work about the Succession. Well I heard a great Lord say, that *That History* of his deserv'd to be burnt by the hand of the Common Hangman.

Bum. Bravely said, *Citt*, I faith: who knows but we two may come to be Pillars of the Nation? Thou shalt stand up for the City, and I for the Countrey.

Enter Trueman out of a Closet.

Enter Trueman.

Citt. Trepan'd, by the Lord, in our own way.

Trueman. Nay hold, my Masters; we'll have no flinching. Sit down, ye had best, without putting me to the Trouble of a Constable.

Citt. Why we have said nothing, Sir, that we care who hears; but because you seem to be a Civil Gentleman, my Service to you, Sir.

Bum. Ay, Sir; and if you'll be pleas'd to sit down and Chirp over a Pot of Ale as we do, y're welcome.

Citt's Faculty and Employment.

Tru. Very good; And You are the Representative (forsooth) of the City, and You of the Countrey. Two of the Pillars of the Nation, with a Horse-Pox; a man would not let down his Breeches in a House of Office that had but Two such Supporters. Do not I know you, *Citt*, to be a little Grub-street Insect, that but t'other day scribbled Handy-dandy for some Eighteen Pence a Job, Pro and Con, and glad on't? And now, as it pleases the Stars, you are advanc'd from the Obort, the Miscarriage, I mean, of a Cause-splitter, to a Drawer-up of Articles: And for your skill in Counterfeiting Hands, preferr'd to be a Solicitor for Fob'd Petitions: You'll do the Bishop's business, and you'll do the Duke's business; And who but You, to tell the King when he shall make War, or Peace; call Parliaments, and whom to Commit, and whom to let go: And then in your Fuddle up comes all; what such a Lord told you, and what you told Him; and all this Pudder against your Conscience too, even by your own Confession.

Citt. Ye are very much Mis-inform'd of Me Sir.

Tru. Come, I know ye too well to be mistaken in you; and for your part, *Bumpkin*, I look upon you only as a simple Fellow drawn in.

Bumpkin's Account of himself.

Bum. Not so simple neither, it may be, as you take me for. I was a Justices Clerk in the Countrey, till the business of the Petitions; and my Master was an Honest Gentleman too, though he's now put out of Commission: and to shew ye that I am none of your simple Fellows (do ye mark) if ye have a mind to Dispute upon Three Points, I'm for you. First, the King is One of the Three Estates; Secondly, the

the Sovereign Power is in the People. And Thirdly, 'Tis better to Obey God than Man.

Citt. Always provided, *Bumpkin*, that the Gentleman take no advantage of what's spoken in Discourse.

Tru. No, there's my hand I will not; and Now let's fall to work. If the King of England be One of the *Three Estates*, then the *Lords* and *Commons* are two *Thirds* of the King of England.

Bum. Oh Pox, you've a mind to put a Sham upon the Plot, I perceive. *Bumpkin's way of Argument.*

Tru. Nay, if y'are thereabouts:— If the *Sovereignty* be in the *People*, why does not the *Law* run in the Name of our *Sovereign Lords* the *People*?

Bum. This is a meer Jesuitical Trick, to disparage the Kings Witnesses; for They are part of the *People*. Now do you take up the Cudgels, *Citt.*

Tru. Do so, and we'll make it a short business, and let's have no shifting.

Now to shew ye that I gave good heed to your Discourse, I'll run over the Heads of it as you deliver'd them. First, for *Committees*, and *Grand-Committees*, what are they compounded of, but *Republicans* and *Separatists*, a Medly of *People* Disaffected both to *Church* and *State*? This you cannot deny; and that they would not suffer any man otherwise affected, to mingle with them. Now beside the *Scandal*, and *Ill Example* of such *Irregular Conventions*, whoever considers their *Principles*, may reasonably conclude upon their *Designs*: For they are wiser, I hope then to lay their Heads together to destroy themselves. The Composition of the Committees.

Citt. But it is hard, if *Protestants* may not meet as well as *Other People*.

Tru. Ye, *Protestants* may meet, but not in the quality of *Conspirators*, no more than *Conspirators*, may meet under the *Cloak*, and *Colour* of *Protestants*. The intent of the *Meeting* is matter of *State*, and you turn it off, to a point of *Religion*.

Citt. But it is not matter of *Religion* to join in a *Petition* for the meeting of a *Parliament*, to bring *Malefactors* to a *Trial*, and to extirpate *Popery*.

Tru. Such a *Petition* as you Instance in, is in the appearance of it, not only *Lawful*, but *Commendable*; But then it must be promoted by *Lawful Means*, and under *Decent Circumstances*. What Petitions warrantable, and what not.

'Tis

'Tis a good thing to *Preach*, or *Catechise*; but it is not for a *Lay-man* presently to pluck the *Parson* out of the *Desk*, or *Pulpit*; that he himself may do the *Office*. It is a good thing to execute *Justice*; but yet a *Private man* must not invade the *Judgment-Seat*, though it were to pass even the most *Righteous Sentence*.

Cit. The King may chuse whether he'll *Grant* or no; So that without invading *His Right* we only claim the *Liberty* of *Presenting* the *Request*.

Tru. That may be well enough at *First*; but still, after *One Refusal*, and That with a *Pubick Interdict* on the Neck on't, forbidding the pursuance of it; such a *Petition* is not by any means to be *Repeated*. *First*, out of *Respect* to *Regal Authority*. *Secondly*, as the *King* is the *Sole Judge* of the matter: *Thirdly*, upon the *Importunity*, it is not so properly *Desiring* of a thing, as *Tugging* for it: *Fourthly*, It tends many ways to the *Diminution* of *His Majesties Honour*, in case it be Obtain'd; For it implies, either *Levity*, or *Fear*: or (to make the best on't) the *King* confers the *Obligation*, and the *Heads of the Petition* receive the *Thanks*. Now add to all this, this *suborning* of *Subscriptions*, and the *Inflaming* of *Parties*, what can be more *Undisful* or *Dangerous*?

Cit. But do not you find many *Honest* and *Considerable men* concern'd in these *Petitions*.

Tru. Yes, in several of them I do; and the main Reason is This. There's no man under *Five and Fifty*, at Least, that is able to give any Account of the *Design*, and *Effects* of this way of *Petitioning* in *Forty and Forty One*, but by *Hear-say*: So that This Nation proceeds mostly upon the *Maxims*, and *Politiques*, which that *Republican Humour* deliver'd over to us: But yet let the *Thing*, or the *Manner* of it be as it will, Those that *Disarm'd*, and *Turn'd back* the *Kenish Petitioners* at *London-Bridge*: Those that *Wounded* and *Murdered* the *Surrey-Petitioners* in the *Palace-Yard*, only for desiring a *Peace*, and in order to the *Preservation* of *His late Majesty*: Those People methinks, that were so *Out-ragious Against* those *Petitions* (and several others of the same kind) should not have the *Face* now to be so *Violent*, for *This*. And whoever examines the *present Roll*, will find the *Old Republicans* to be the *Ring-Leaders*.

Bum Really, *Cit.* the man speaks Reason. I wish you J^r to

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Preten-

No Petition
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The Nation
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ples.

The Injustice
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mon-wealths-
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THE NEW
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AND
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Pretensions, by *Falshood*, and *Scandals*, to disappoint Honest men of *Elections*; The use ye make of the most *Servile Instruments*, to promote your Ends; your *sawning Methods of Popularity* toward the *Rabble*; your ways of undermining the Government of the *City*, as well as of the *Nation*; your worse than *Jesuitical Evasions* in matter of *Conscience*; your *Nonsensical Salvo's*, and *Exposions of Christian Liberty*; your putting out the *Church of Englands Colours*, and calling your selves *Protestants*, when you are effectually no better than *Algerines*, and *Pyrrating* even upon *Christianity it self*; your beating of the *Wood*, in the *History of our most Seditious Times*, to start *Presidents and Records* in favour of your own disloyal Purposes. The *Pharisaical Distinguihing* of your selves from the *Profane* (as you are pleas'd to stile others,) even in your *Dress, Tone, Language, &c.* Your uncharitable *Bitterness of Spirit*; your *lying in wait for Blood*; and laying of *Snares* for the *Unwary* and the *Innocent*; and still vouching an *Inspiration* for all your *Wickedness*; your gathering of *all Winds* toward the raising of a *Storm*; Your *Unity in Opposition*, and in *nothing Else*: your *Clamors*, and *Invectives* against *Priests* and *Jesuits*, when it is the *Church of England* yet, that feels the *Last Effect* of your *Sacrilegious Rage*. 'Tis not so much the *Officers* of the *Church and State*, that are *Popishly affected*, but the *Offices* Themselves; and those in the first place (as you chuse your *Sins* too) that are most *Beneficial*. To say nothing of your wild *Impositions* upon the multitude.—

Citt. Now you talk of *Impositions*, what do you think of *L'Estrange's History of the PLOT*, and his *Answer to the APPEAL*? Whether are Those Pamphlets, *Impositions* upon the *Multitude*, or *Not*?

Tru. You were saying e'en now, That then *History of the Damnable Popish Plot* was of your Writing; Answer me That *Question* First; was it so or not?

Citt. No, it was not of my Writing; it was done by a *Protestant Club*?

Tru. Why then let me tell ye, if a man may believe the *Preface* to That *Club-History*: or the *Notes* upon the *Answer to the Appeal*, (for I have read them all:) *L'Estrange's Pamphlets* are great abuses upon the *People*: but if you had the *Books* about ye, the matter were easily cleared, by comparing them.

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Crit. By good luck we have 'um all about us, that can any way concern this Question. And look ye here now.

Reflections
upon L'E-
strange.

First, He calls his Abridgement of the Trials, *The History of the Plot, without mentioning one word of the Original Contrivance, the Preparatives, manner of Discovery, and other Remarkables essential to a History.*

2. He omits Staly's and Reading's Trials, which yet sure had Relation to the Plot.

3. In his Epistle he seems to drown the Popish Plot with suggestions of an Imaginary One of the Protestants.

4. The amusing People with such Stories, is notoriously a Part of the Grand Popish Design.

5. Whereas he tells us, that not one Material Point is omitted, most Readers cannot find the substantial part of Mr. Bedloe's Evidence against Wakeman, (pag. 46. of the Trial) So much as him-
ed at : Not to mention the gross shuffles, and omissions in Page 77. and elsewhere.

6. He charges the Printed Trials (in his *FREEBORN SUBJECT* p. 15.) with many Gross Incoherences, and very Material Mistakes; yet Instances but One, and corrected too, as an Erratum.

7. When our Posterity shall urge these Trials for proof against Papists, how easily may the subtil Villains stop their mouths, by alledging from this Author that no heed is to be given to the said Trials; (being so publicly own'd by a Person of his Note, and late Qualification) to be guilty of so many, and such very Material Mistakes.

The Forego-
ing Reflecti-
ons Answer'd.

Tru. Observe here, First, L'Estrange expounds his History in the Title Page, by restraining it to the Charge and Defence of the Persons there mentioned: Beside that he calls it an *Historical Abstract*, and a *Summary*, in his Epistle.

2. Staly's Trial had no Relation at all to the Plot, and Reading was not Tri'd for his Life: and so not within the compass of his Intention express'd in the Preface.

3. The Epistle acknowledges a *Detestable Plot*, and a *Conspiracy*: but advises *Moderation*, and that the Rabble may not dictate *Laws to Authority*; for that *Licence* was the Cause of the *Late Rebellion*.

4. It was more than a Story, the *Murder of the Late King*, and the *Subversion of the Government*, and the *suppressing of these Necessary*

Necessary Hint, and Caution is notoriously a part of the *Grand Fanatical Design*.

4. In *L'Estranges History*, here Page 79, and 80, there's every particular of Mr. Bedloes Evidence in Sir George Wakenams Trial, Page 46. with many other Passages over and above: whereas your *Damnable History* here Page 295, falls short at least by one half. And then for the *Shuffles* and *Omissions* reflected upon, Page 77. see *L'Estranges Words* Page 88. The Lord Chief Justice (saies he) after some Remarks upon the Romish Principles, summed up the Evidence, and gave Directions to the Jury: which is the substance of the Page cited in the Preface. Touching your *Elsewhere*, it is in plain English, No-where.

6. Look ye, here's more Jugling. He saies SEVERAL Gross Incoherences, and have you made them MANY: and then you have left out the Parenthesis (especially in the Latter of them,) Which varies the Case too. And I remember again, that the Erratum was supply'd after *L'Estrange* had corrected it: And sure it was a Gross one too, to expose a Protestant Gentleman for a Papist, Nine times in two Pages. I could shew you several other Material Mistakes, but one shall serve for all Page 45.) as I take it) of *Ireland's Trial*; which you will find charg'd upon the Press, in *L'Estranges History*, Page 18.

7. Pray'e mark me now: *L'Estrange* finds Errors of the Press in the other Trials, and Rectifies them in his own: Now if Posterity shall find in the Right, that the other are Wrong, they are in no danger of being misled by the One, in what is Corrected by the other: and if they do not read the Right Copy at all, there's no harm done to the Other, but they must take it as they find it. So that this Remarque is so far from Disparaging the Proceedings, that a greater Right can hardly be done to Publick Justice by a Pamphlet. But now let the Epistle speak for it self.

To the READER.

THere has not been any polit, perhaps, in the whole Tract of *English Story*, either so dangerous to be mistaken in, or so difficult, and yet so necessary to be understood, as the Mystery of this detestable *Plot* now in Agitation. (A Judgment for our Sins, augmented by our Follies.) But the World is so miserably divided betwixt some that will believe every thing, and others nothing, that not only *Truth*, but *Christianity* it self is almost lost between them; and no place left for Sobriety and Moderation. We are come to govern our selves by Dreams and Imaginations; We make every *Coffee-house-Talk* an Article of our Faith; and from Incredible Fables we raise invincible Arguments. A man must be fierce and violent to get the Reputation of being *Well-affected*; as if the calling of one another *Damned Heretic*, and *Popish Dog*, were the whole Sum of the Controversie. And what's all this, but the effect of a popular Licence and Appeal? When every Mercenary Scribler shall take upon him to handle matters of Faith, and State; give Laws to Princes; and every Mechanick sit Judge upon the Government? Were not these the very Circumstances of the late *Times*? When the Religious Juglers from all Quarters fell in with the Rabble, and managed them as it were by a certain sleight of hand: The *Rods* were turned into *Serpents* on both sides, and the Multitude not able to say which was *Aaron*, and which the *Enchanter*. Let us have a care of the same Incantation over again. Are we not under the protection of a Lawful Authority? Not was there ever any thing more narrowly sifted, or more vigorously discouraged than this *Conspiracy*. *Reformation* is the proper business of Government, and Council; but when it comes to work once at the wrong End, there is nothing to be expected from it but Tumult and Convulsion. A Legal and Effectual Provision against the danger of *Romish Practises and Errors*, will never serve their Turn, whose Quarrel is barely to the Name of *Poperie*, without understanding the thing it self. And if there were not a *Roman Catholic* left in the Three Kingdoms, they would be never the better satisfied; for where they cannot find *Poperie*, they will make it; nay, and be troubled too that they

they could not find it. It is no new thing for a Popular Outcry, in the matter of Religion, to have a *State-Fashion* in the Belly of it. The first late Clamour was against *Downright Popery*; and then came on *Popishly affected*; (that sweeps all.) The *Order of Bishops*, and the *Discipline of the Church* took their Turns next; and the next Blow was at the *Crown* it self; when every man was made a *Popish* that would not play the Knave and the Fool, for Company, with the Common People.

These things duly weighed, and considering the Ground of our present Distempers; the Compiler of this Abridgment reckoned that he could not do his Countrey-men a better Office, (than by laying before them the naked State of things) to give them at one view, a Prospect, both of the subject matter of their Apprehensions, and of the Vigilance, Zeal, and needful Severity of the Government on their behalf. To which end he hath here drawn up an *Historical Abstract* of the whole matter of Fact concerning those Persons who have hitherto been Tried for their Lives, either upon the *Plot* it self, or in Relation to it: opposing Authentick Records to wandering Rumors, and delivering the *Truth* in all Simplicity. He hath not omitted any one material Point: There is not so much as one *Partial Stroke* in it; not a Flourish, nor any thing but a bare and plain *Collection*, without any Tincture, either of Credulity or Passion. And it is brought into so narrow a Compass too, that it will ease the Readers *Head*, as well as his *Perse*, by clearing him of the puzzle of *Forms* and *Interlocutories*, that serve only to amuse and mislead a man by breaking the Order and confounding the Relative parts of the *Proceedings*.

Having this in Contemplation, and being at the same time posselt of a most exact *Summary* of all Persons here in Question; this Reporter was only to cast an Extract of these Notes into a Method: especially finding, that upon comparing the substance of his own Papers, with the most warrantable Prints that have been published; his own *Abstract* proved to be not only every jot as Correct, but much more Intelligible; which being *short* and *full*, he thought might be useful, and find Credit in the World upon its own account, without need of a *Voucher*.

L'Estranges
Narrative
justified.

His Adversary
detected.

A bold and
senseless Li-
bel.

L'Estrange
charg'd as a
Papist, by a
certain Lec-
turer.

The Ground
of his Accu-
sation.

Tru. You have now the whole matter before you; the *Epistle*, ye see, justifies itself: And then for the *Narrative*, I dare undertake he shall yield up the Cause, if you can but produce any *One Material Point*, which he hath either *falsify'd*, *palliated*, or *omitted*, in the whole *Proceeding*. But to be plain with you, *Citt*, one of the *Authors of your Preface* is a *Common Setter*, a *Forger of Hands*, a *little Spy* upon the *Swiss* in *Fish-street*; a *Hackney Solicitor* against both *Church* and *State*. You know this to be true, *Citt*, and that I do not speak upon guess: So that *Calumny* and *False Witnessing* is the best part of that *Authors Trade*. And then the *pretended History* is a direct *Arraignment* of the *Government*. He takes up the *King and Council*, p. 381. reflects upon the *Judges* in the very contents, and elsewhere; he descants upon the *Duke of York*, in opposition to the express sense and declaration of the *Bench*, p. 145. and has the confidence yet to Dedicate this *Galmausry* of audacious *Slanders* to the *Two Houses of Parliament*. There is little more in the whole, than what has been eaten and spew'd up again *Thirty times over*: and the entire work is only a *Medley of Rags and Solacisms*, pick'd up out of *Rubbish*, and most suitably put together.

Citt. You may take his part as you please, but there's a Famous *Lecturer* charg'd him publicly for *Popery*, in his Answer to the *Appeal*; and for falling upon *Dr. Lloyd*.

Tru. He did so; but at the same time that *Lecturer* found no fault with the *Appeal* it self; and the best on't is, his *Tongue* is no more a *Slander* then his *Pen*: and whoever reads what he has written concerning the *Late King*, and the *Episcopal Church*, will think never the worse of *L'Estrange* for what he says. Now for the *Reverend Dean of Bangor*, I dare say, he never *spake*, or *thought* of him but with *Veneration*. Let me see the Book.

Look ye here, 'tis p. 18. in *L'Estranges Impression*, and 'tis p. 15. in this, and here's the Point: *Their Loyalty and good Service paid to the King* (says the *Appaler*, speaking of the *Papists*) *was merely in their own Defence*. Now see *L'Estrange's Reply* upon it; *If it lies* (says he) *as a Reproach upon them that they did not Serve the King out of Loyalty, that which they did, was yet better than not Serving him at all; and better in a higher degree still, than Fighting against him*. And a little after; *It is worth the Observation, That not a man drew his Sword in the opposite Cause, who was*

not a Known Separatist; and that on the other side, not one Schismatick ever struck Stroke in the Kings Quarrel.

And now for your Notes upon his Answer, they are so silly that it were Ridiculous to Reply upon 'um [*who knows* (saies he) *but the Regicides were Papists in disguise*, p. 19.] And a deal of such senseless stuff; enough to turn a Bodies Stomach. And if you'd inform your self of his Malice; look ye here, p. 4. p. 9. and p. 33. how he Palliates, if not Justifies the late Rebellion, the Murther of the Arch-Bishop of St. Andrews, and the drawing of the Sword against the King.

Briefly, 'tis an *Inspid Bawling* piece of Foolery, from one end to the other. And it is not but that I highly approve of your Zeal for the Discovery of the *Plot*, and Suppressing of Popery; but we are not yet to trample upon *Laws*, and *Publick Orders*; for the attaining even of those Glorious Ends.

But now I think on't; deal freely with me; did you really go to the *Registers* ye spake of, to furnish *Names* for your *Subscriptions*?

Cit. No; That was but a *Flourish*; but all the Rest we *Literally* did.

Tru. Are not you Conscious to your selves of your Iniquities? A gross Cheat upon the Nation.
Who made You a *Commissioner* for the *Town*, or You for the *County*? But we are like to have a fine business of it, when the *Dregs* of the *People* set up for the *Representatives* of the *Nation*; to the Dishonour of the most *Considerable*, and *Sober Part* of the *Kingdom*. Pre'thee *Bumpkin*; with thy *Poles* and *Balticks*, how shouldst thou come to understand the *Ballance* of *Empires*? who are *Delinquents*, and who *not*? the *Right* of *Bishops Votes*? And You (forsooth) are to teach the *King* when to call a *Parliament*, and when to let it alone. And are not you a fine Fool ith mean time, to drudge for the *Faction* that sets ye on, to be afterwards made a *Slave* for your pains?

And then for you Cit, with your *Mouldy Records*, your *Lewd Practices*, and your *Sovereign Power* of the *People*. Do ces of the not I know all your *Fallacies*, your *Shifts*, and *Hiding Holes*? *Faction*.
There's not one step you set, but I can trace you in't: You have your *Spies* upon all *Libraries*, as well as *Conversations*; your *Agents* for the *procuring* of old *Manuscripts*, and *Records*, and for the *Falsifying* of *New Ones*, to make them look like *Old Ones*. Nay, the *Papers* of *State* themselves had much ado to scape ye.

Those

Those that assert the just *Rights* of the *Crown*, you either *Bury* or *Conceal*; only *Publishing* the *Precedents* of *Seditious Times*, in *Vindication* of such *Principles*.

Against Co-ordination.

Citt. I must confess I take the *Government* to be *Co-ordinate*, and the *King* One of the *Three Estates*, with submission to be better inform'd.

Tru. If it be so, how comes it that that the *House of Commons* even in their most *Popular Seasons*, have still own'd the *Crown* of *England* to be *Imperial*? How comes it that all our *Laws* are call'd the *Kings Laws*: all our *Courts of Justice*, his *Majesties Courts*, and all *Publick Causes* try'd in the *Kings Name*, and by the *Authority* of his *Majesty*?

Citt. But have not the two *Houses* their share in the *Legislative Power*?

It is the Sanction makes the Law, not the Consent.

Tru. You must distinguish betwixt the *Consent* and the *Sanction*; the *Preparatory Part* is *theirs*, the *Stamp* is the *Kings*: The *Two Houses* consent to a *Bill*, It is only a *Bill*, when it is *presented*, and it remains yet a *Bill*, even when the *King* has *consented* to it; and in this *common Consent*, in order to a *Law*, the *Two Houses* may be said to share with his *Majesty*: but then the *Fiat*, that superinduces an *Authority*, and is only and properly the *Act of Legislation*, is singly in the *King*. So that though they share in the *Consent*, they have no pretence at all to the *Sanction*: which is an *Act of Authority*, the other but of *Agreement*.

The Inconveniences of a Co-ordination supposed.

And yet again, admitting your *Co-ordination*: First, every *Kings* runs the hazard of his *Crown* upon every *Parliament* he calls: For that *third Estate* lies at the *Mercy* of the *other two*: And further, 'tis a kind of *Ringing* the *Changes* with the *Government*, the *King* and *Lords* shall be uppermost *One day*, the *King* and *Commons* *Another*, and the *Lords* and *Commons* the *Third*: For in this *Scale of Constitution*, whatsoever the *One* will *not*, the *other Two may*.

Citt. Well; but Ours is a *MIXT Government*, and we are a *Free People*.

Of a Mixt Government and a Qualifi'd.

Tru. If ours be a *Mixt Government*, so as to any *Popular Participation* of *Power* with the *King*; then it is not a *Monarchy*: (which is the *Government only of one*) but if you'll call it a *Qualifi'd Government*, so as to distinguish it from an *Absolute* and *Unlimited Government*, I'll agree with you. But let the *Government* be what it will, and where it will, let it do *Right* or *Wrong*, it is *Equally Unaccount-*

Unaccountable; for there lies no *Appeal* but to a *Superiour*; and the *Supream* has none but *God himself*.

Cit. But if we be a *Free People*, have not *We* as much *Right* to our *Liberties*, as the *King* has to his *Crown*?

Tru. Yes, we have, but the *King* has this advantage of us, that *we* may forfeit our *Liberties*, but *he* cannot forfeit his *Crown*.

Cit. What if a *King* will Transgress all the *Laws of God* and *Man*, may not the *People* resume their *Trust*?

Tru. No, not unless you can produce an exprefs *stipulation* to that very purpose. But let me shew you, First, the Error of taking that to be a *Trust* from the *People*, which in truth, is an *Ordinance of Providence*: For *All Power is from God*. And Secondly, the *Absurdity* of the very *Supposition*, even in the Case of a *Trust* conferred by the *People*: If the *King* breaks his *Trust*, the *People* Resume it: but who are these *People*? If a *Representative*, they are but *Trustees* *Themselves*, and may incur a *Forfeiture* too, by the same Argument. Where are we next then? For if it devolves to the *Loose Multitude of Individuals*, (which you will have to be the *Fountain of Power*) you are then in an *Anarchy*, without any Government at all; and there you must either continue in a *Dissociated State*, or else agree upon *Uniting* into some Form of *Regiment* or other; and whether it be *Monarchy*, *Aristocracy* or *Democracy*; It comes all to a Point: If you make the *Government* accountable upon every Humour of the *People*, it lapses again into a *Confusion*. To say nothing of the *Ridiculous Phancy* of a *Sovereignty* in the *People* upon this Account, that they can never be so brought together, either to *Establish*, or to *Dissolve* a *Government*, as to authorize it to be the *Peoples Act*. For there must be, First an *Agreement* to Meet and *Consult*. Secondly, an *Agreement* upon the *Result* of that *Debate*; and any one *Dissenter* spoils all, where every *Individual* has an *Equal Right*: So that unless the *People* be all of the same mind, this *Supposition* will be found wholly impracticable and Idle.

Cit. But is there no Fence then against *Tyranny*?

Tru. Only *Patience*, unless you run into *Anarchy*, and then into that which you call *Tyranny* again; and so tread Eternally that Circle of *Rigour* and *Confusion*. In fine, the Question is this, whether *People* had better run certainly into *Confusion* to avoid a possible *Tyranny*, or venture a possible *Tyranny* to avoid a certain *Confusion*?

Cit.

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Cit.

Citt. But where we find *Positive Laws* and *Provisions* to *fail us*, may we not in those Cases betake our selves to the *Laws of Nature* and *Self-Preservation*?

Self-preservation
is no Plea
for the People

Tru. No, yemay not; for many Reasons. First, It makes you *Judges*; not only *when* those *Laws* take place, but also *what they are*. Secondly, the *Government* is *dissolv'd*, if Subjects may go off or on at pleasure. Thirdly, *Self-Preservation* is the Plea only of *Individuals*; and there can be no colour for the exposing of the *Publick* in favour of *Particulars*. What would ye think of a *Common Seaman* that in a *Storm* should throw the *Steersman* over-board, and set himself at the *Helm*? Or of a *Souldier* that should refuse a *Dangerous Post* for fear of being knock'd on the Head, when the *whole Army* depends upon the Maintaining of *That Post*.

Citt. Pray'e tell me what it is that you call *Government*, and how far it extends; for you were saying even now, that the *Reason* of all *Government* is alike.

What Go-
vernment is.

Tru. *Government* is the *Will* and *Power* of a *Multitude*, united in *some One Person*, or *More*, for the *Good* and *Safety* of the *Whole*. You must not take it that all *Governments* are alike; but the *Ratio* of all *Governments* is the same in some Cases. As in the Instance of *Self-Preservation*; which is only Pleadable by the *Supream Magistrate*, in Bar to all *General Exceptions*; for he is First, presumed in Reason, to be vested with all *Powers necessary* for the *Defence* and *Protection* of the *Community*: without which, his Authority is vain. He is, Secondly, Obliged in *Duty* to exert those *Powers* for the *Common Good*: And he is, Thirdly, entrusted with the Judgment of all *Exigences* of *State*, be they *greater* or *less*, wherein the *Publick Good* may be concern'd. Now put the Case that the *Magistrate* should make a wrong *Judgment* of matters, and mis-employ those *Powers*; it were an *intelicity* in the *Administration*; but the *Sacredness* of *Authority* is still the same: And he is a *Mad-man* that plucks down his *House* because it rains in at the *Window*. And in case of the *Magistrate*, it is not so much *He* as *They*; for the *King* is (as I said before) the *United Power* and *Will* of the *People*. And so fare ye well.

Certain Pri-
ledges essen-
tial to Govern-
ment.

